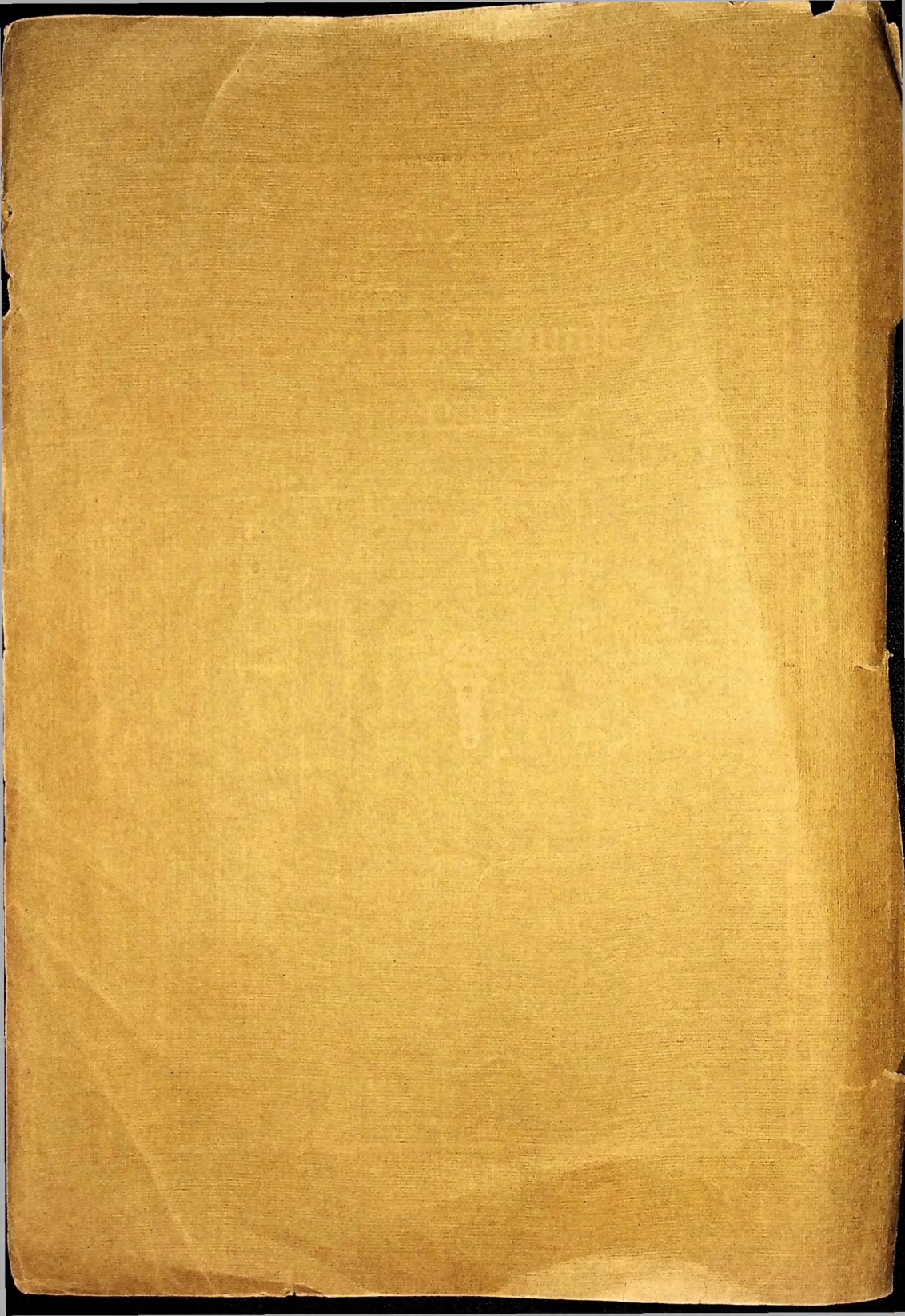


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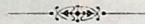
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Vol. X

May, 1921

No. 1

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Science, Mathematics

MISS FRANCES V. BRYANT, A. B.,
Latin, History, English

MRS. ARTHUR STEVENS, A. B.,
French, English, Ancient History

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1923 HAZEL B. MERRY

1922 LEONARD H. EMMONS

1924 J. ROSS SHERWOOD

NORMAN WEBSTER LAUGHTON

Lad of ours, you have gone from us,
With a smile and a wave of the hand;
The gulf that bridges the Great Unknown
Your strong, brave soul has spanned.

Lad of ours, you have gone from us,
With your cheery jest and fun;
God spoke, and you turned to answer Him,
And your life's short tale was done.

Lad of ours, tho' you've gone from us,
You have found the shining way
That leads past the cloud-rimmed Western gates
To the golden Land of Day.

Through fields of Life, untouched by pain,
In fairer paths untrod;
Unfettered in Eternity,
Your soul walks on with God.

F. V. B.

NORMAN WEBSTER LAUGHTON

On May 3, 1921, the student body and community at large were saddened to learn of the death of Norman Webster Laughton, President of the Senior class at Scarborough High School. Seldom has the death of a student meant so much to the school or been so deeply mourned as the passing of this brilliant student, genial personality, and upright, splendid, young manhood.

Norman Webster Laughton was born in Portland, Maine, May 30, 1903, the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Laughton. His early education was obtained in the grammar school at Dunstan where his parents had made their residence. Graduating from that school with high rank and the love of all his schoolmates, he entered Scarborough High School in the fall of 1917. In high school, as in the grades, his scholarship was undisputed and his popularity unquestioned. Compelled by the handicap of a frail body to forego the sports which he gladly would have entered, he devoted his talents to the maintenance of a high grade of scholarship, winning the valedictory with an average of over ninety-one despite many days of enforced absence. Even when obliged to leave school about two months ago on account of fast failing health, he kept up his studies until no longer able to do so.

During his Junior year he developed into an orator of surprising ability, winning a bronze medal in the preliminary contest at Scarborough, and getting a unanimous decision for the silver medal at Cape Elizabeth High School in the final event, thus doing a large share in securing the coveted trophy.

In his Senior year he showed the public another side of his exceedingly versatile ability by doing one of the cleverest bits of amateur comedy acting ever seen in any high school play. As the "Bashful Mr. Bobbs" he scored a decided hit. His whimsical interpretation of the lines is a memory that will never be forgotten by those who heard the play.

As the readers of this paper, of which Norman was the editor-in-chief, turn the pages, may they think of him whose life work was scarcely begun, but so well done that it leaves the impression of completeness rarely attained by those who have journeyed longer on the highway of life. Of such youth has the poet written:

"These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene
That men call age."

As he lay amid the flowers with the sweetness that he loved, with the still, white seal of immortality on his forehead, we sorrowed for the loved friend and dear school-mate whose voice had been so swiftly stilled, and for the parents who have the echoes and memory of that loved son as a silent token. His was a brave fight against the odds of illness, but God willed that his battle, unyielding as it was, should end, and he went

"Unstumbling, unreluctant, strong, unknowing.
Borne by a Will not his, that lifts, that grows,
Sweeps out to Darkness, triumphing in his goal,
Out of the fire, out of the little room—
There is an end appointed, O my Soul!"

Editorials

Despite the added cost of production this year we have tried to keep the paper up to its usual standard of excellence, and feel that many features are showing a decided superiority over those of former editions. As all know, the size of a paper depends upon the number of ads that it can secure, for it is from these ads that the chief source of revenue is obtained.

Business firms and individuals have responded well to our call for ads and it is hoped that while looking through the paper the reader will not fail to take notice of the advertisements, and whenever possible, patronize the firms represented.

It has been said by a great many people that Scarborough High does not fit students for college, but this has been disproved, for five of our boys and girls who entered college last fall have all passed very creditably, and one student who is at Bates College passed with flying colors, receiving "A" in all of her studies. There are also members of the same class and of former classes who are holding important positions in the business world. This goes to show that although the boys and girls of Scarborough go to a building that is not wholly adequate they come up to the mark in their studies. This is an example of what we can do under the conditions now. What a great chance we would have to make a better success of ourselves if we had a standard High School Building!

We have spent all the ready cash solicited for the development of our play ground and are now devising plans to obtain more in order to complete our grounds by the addition of a giant stride and a maple slide. These are very popular amusements, this fact being proved in a Portland play ground, when, after the tots were snoozing in bed, children of the second stage made use of these articles to such an extent that the pleasure was forbidden them.

At present the children of primary school age are enjoying a sand box and teeter boards. High school students and even faculty members often find their way to the latter.

At the rear of the building is the apparatus for basket ball where boys of both Grammar and High Schools are found.

The principal center of attraction just now is the tennis court. Seats are to be provided and placed near the court for the benefit of spectators.

Back of the tennis court is a space which is known as the base ball diamond.

We are endeavoring to make our play ground a huge success, for the pupils are not only afforded a means of amusement, but physical development as well.

H. E. K. '21

This year a plan of having an exemption list was introduced and though it has been in effect for only a short time, it promises

to be a great aid in promoting attendance and increased effort in the preparation of the different studies.

The plan provided that all students having a rank of eighty-five per cent and perfect attendance would be exempt from all tests. For each day of absence, an additional five per cent need be attained. Thus, if absent for one day, it is necessary for the student to have a rank of ninety per cent.

Though this plan has a tendency to draw the student from the home work where he is sometimes sorely needed, one glance at the attendance book and rank card would be convincing proof of the increased effort, both in attendance and in the preparation of lessons which the exemption list has brought about.

R. LEON LARY.

A table for the use of the classes in chemistry has been built this year and placed in the large recitation room. Eight double drawers enable the students, working in pairs, to complete the necessary number of experiments for college entrance requirements. At the best, this arrangement is a makeshift to bridge the gap until a new High School is erected which will contain enough space for laboratories to be used solely for that purpose. The maintenance of a lunch counter and chemical laboratory in the same room might give rise to even dangerous possibilities.

The Current Event classes which were started last year have been continued through the present year. The students make use of the *Literary Digest* which is furnished by Funk & Wagnalls at the school rate of .06 per copy, and speak before their respective classes without the use of notes. This has proved to be a most valuable practice, not only in training them to speak on their feet, but in acquainting them with an unbiased review of events of world wide interest.

Another decided improvement has been introduced among our school equipment this year in the shape of electric lights. These were intended primarily for the use of the evening school classes, but their use is surely appreciated by all of us on dark days.

The change to daylight saving in Portland has resulted in the morning session beginning at 8:00 A. M. standard time instead of 8:30 as formerly.

During the fall term a second annual book day was held for the benefit of the Scarborough High School library which resulted in about fifty additional books being secured. Since then other volumes have been purchased or donated, thus bringing the number of new books up to seventy. A copy of the World's Almanac and the Revised Statutes of Maine have been purchased, and through the effort of Harold Bennett '23, a number of excellent books of fiction have been given. Among these are "Lavender and Old Lace," "Beside the

Bonny Brier Bush," "Freckles," "David Harem," "Animals I Have Known," and others. "Beltane, the Smith," "Slippy McGee," and "The Riding Kid of Powder River" are also recent editions. "The Four Million" and "Cabbages and Kings" were bought for the benefit of short story writers in the Senior Class.

Those interested in the High School can express their interest in no more permanent and acceptable way than by giving standard works of fiction or reference to our library. This year all the books have been covered with a heavy library paper to insure their protection, so that any who feel like making us a gift will know that such gifts will be properly cared for.

The most important experiment attacked this year was the maintenance of an evening school two nights a week during the winter term for the benefit of the public at large. Registration was begun at the end of the fall term, but the regular sessions did not commence until the beginning of the winter term when good sized classes were formed in all the subjects offered.

Courses in Stenography and Typewriting were taught by E. G. Bessey, Bates, '13, Principal of the High School; Penmanship and Commercial Arithmetic by E. P. Bullock of Milliken, Tomlinson Co.; Mechanical Drawing by Rev. Rensel Colby of the Black Point Church; Business English and Modern European History by Miss Bryant of the High School force.

An excellent average attendance was kept up in spite of numerous storms and the impassable condition of the roads. Mr. James Gower and Mr. A. W. Hodgman hold the record for perfect attendance.

At the closing session classes were suspended and everybody had a jolly good time. A spelling match was held in which Principal E. G. Bessey proved his superior spelling ability. Refreshments of hot cocoa, sandwiches, ice cream, and cake were served, and these found enthusiastic favor. Mr. Swinburn, in a few well-chosen words presented the instructors with a remembrance of the winter's work. To Mr. Bullock, a Masonic pin; to Mr. Bessey, an Odd Fellow's emblem; and to Mr. Colby and Miss Bryant, each a book. It created considerable amusement when someone suggested that the two latter had "a lot more to learn." With Mr. Bessey as pianist, a social sing was enjoyed, especially "John Brown's Baby," when Mr. Colby demonstrated how the aforesaid gentleman rubbed it with camphorated oil. That Scarborough folks can sing splendidly was very evident when it came to "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" and other well-known songs.

With an appropriation of \$200 which was made at the town meeting in March, supplemented by another from the State Department of Education, we should have a flourishing school another year.

A new set of school song books has been bought this year and a good part of the numbers already learned. Miss Bartlett

of the Pine Point School, has conducted a music period on Monday mornings during the winter term, and this has been continued ever since under the supervision of the regular teachers. Several songs have been written to airs selected from the new book.

Our new teacher, Mrs. Arthur Stevens, has started a Glee Club for the girls, which will probably furnish part of the musical numbers for graduation. Mrs. Stevens' knowledge of music and her energetic personality should produce excellent results with the girls. Rubenstein's "Melody in F," and Hoffman's "Beautiful Night" are the selections with which the club will start.

SCARBOROUGH HIGH SCHOOL BRINGS HOME THE BACON.

Great was the rejoicing of students and townspeople alike when our team of four secured for the third time a unanimous decision in the race for the cup offered in the annual triangular prize speaking contest between Cape Elizabeth High School, Old Orchard High School, and Scarborough High School.

The series of contests was begun in the spring of 1919 for the purpose of developing ability in public speaking and a spirit of friendly rivalry among the three schools. It was agreed by each school that a preliminary division should be selected and trained by the teachers to compete in a public contest, and from this number a

team of two boys and two girls should be chosen to compete with a similarly selected team from each of the other schools at a joint contest. In the preliminary contest the boy and girl adjudged to be the best speaker received a silver medal suitably engraved, and to the boy and girl who won second place, a similar bronze medal was given. Medals of silver for the best boy and girl, and bronze for the second choice, engraved with the names of the three schools and the date of the contest, were chosen as prizes for the final contest. A beautiful gold-lined, silver loving cup on an ebony base was to be presented for one year to the team whose uniform excellence was the highest, the trophy to be the permanent possession of the school which should be the first to win it three times.

Our first preliminary division consisted of Misses Abbie Small, Ethel Foster, Velma Leonard, '20; Violet Roberts, Isabelle Plummer, Ruth Heald, '22; and Messrs. Melville Johnson, '19; Philip Bowley, Fred Richardson, Earle Willman, '20; Clarence Lary, R. Leon Lary, '21. The judges selected Abbie Small and Clarence Lary for first place; Ruth Heald and Melville Johnson for second, with Ethel Foster and R. Leon Lary as alternates with honorable mention. In the final contest at Old Orchard, not only did Ruth Heald and Melville Johnson win a clean-cut decision for first honors, but we were awarded the team prize for the general excellence of all four speakers, an honor all the more valued as it represented the unani-

mous decision of judges and audience alike. Both second places were awarded to Cape Elizabeth High School.

The second year our preliminary speakers were Misses Small, '20; Ruth Heald, Helen Libby, Isabelle Plummer, '22; Gladys Higgins, Dorothy Plummer, '23; and Messrs. Bowley, Nielsen, '20; Norman Laughton, Clarence Lary, Leon Lary, '21; and Harold Bennett, '23. Our new material proved real discoveries, Harold Bennett and Helen Libby carrying off first honors, while Ruth Heald and Norman Laughton won second. Dorothy Plummer and R. Leon Lary received honorable mention. Loyal rooters filling one special car and crowding several regulars, followed our team to Cape Elizabeth Town Hall and heard them win even more decisively than the year before. Hon. Carroll Beedy, expressing the unanimous opinion of the judges, awarded the team prize to Scarborough High School; the silver medals to Helen Libby and Norman Laughton; the second prize for boys to Old Orchard High School, and for girls to Cape Elizabeth High School.

1921 was the crucial year inasmuch as it decided whether or not we were to transfer the cup to one of the other teams or retain it as our permanent possession. Due to the critical illness of one of our star speakers, Norman Laughton, considerable shifting of our division was necessary before the following preliminary speakers were selected: Misses Ruth Heald, Helen Libby, Aurelia Wentworth, '22; Gladys

Higgins, '23; Priscilla Googins, Ina Sampson, '24; and Messrs. Clarence Lary, R. Leon Lary, '21; Leonard Emmons, '22; Harold Bennett, Clark Libbey, '23; Stephen Larrabee, '24. In the contest, April 22, 1921, Ruth C. Heald and Leonard Emmons were awarded first place; Helen Libby and R. Leon Lary, second, with Aurelia Wentworth and Clarence Lary for alternates. Feeling that the personnel of our team could not be surpassed we hopefully awaited the final contest.

April 29th saw the K. of P. Hall packed with a crowd that taxed to the limit the seating capacity of the hall in spite of the two hundred extra chairs. The ante-room and aisles accommodated many who were willing to stand, and still others were turned away. Door receipts totalled \$100.

At no time in the last three years has the need of a suitable auditorium been so keenly felt as at this final contest when we had to deduct \$15.00 from our receipts to hire chairs and pay for the cartage of others so generously lent us by the Black Point Church and Grange, to say nothing of the inconvenience to those who either had to stand or leave.

After an unusually good program, the audience settled down to wait for the decision of the judges which was a novelty in the matter of brevity. After announcing a first for boys to Old Orchard High School, which received a volley of squeals and cheers from the Blue and White rooters, and a second for boys to Cape Elizabeth High School, which was greeted in like

manner, Hon. Clifford McGlauffin, chairman of the judges, smilingly handed out both prizes for girls to Misses Heald and Libby respectively, and brought the audience to their feet with a roar of cheers by announcing that the coveted cup was ours. We'd hate to say how many people had heart failure, even one of the chairs totally collapsed. Anyway, the cup is ours; we've wanted it; we've worked for it, and we believe we have fairly earned it. All Scarborough has a right to feel proud of the boys and girls who could acquit themselves with such grace, ease, and earnestness as did our speakers. The friends of the school will be interested to read an account of the distribution of medals for the three years.

PRELIMINARY CONTEST.

Ruth Cumpston Heald, one silver, two bronze.

Helen Collins Libby, one silver, one bronze.

Abbie Beulah Small, one silver.

Melville Johnson, one bronze.

Clarence Asbury Lary, one silver.

Ralph Leon Lary, one bronze.

Norman Webster Laughton, one bronze.

Harold Walter Bennett, one silver.

Leonard Horace Emmons, one silver.

FINALS.

Ruth Cumpston Heald, two silver.

Helen Collins Libby, one silver, one bronze.

Melville Johnson, one silver.

Norman Webster Laughton, one silver.



GRADUATING CLASS.

Standing: ALBERT W. LIBBY, CLARENCE A. LARV, HARRIETT E. KNIGHT, AGNES E. SEAVEY.
 Sitting: PRIN. E. G. BESSEY, R. LEON LARV, MISS FRANCES V. BRYANT.

Literary

PALS

Jerry Todd lay on a dilapidated, old horse-hair couch in his poor, old camp. He was sick with a cold from being out on a previous rainy day in search for food and fuel, with only a thin worn-out jacket on, and he lay there, thinking how good a cup of tea and some gravy and potatoes would taste, such as he used to have before the death of his parents. He had lived on the old place until the real estate agent took it over for mortgage, then the queer, simple man, whose only care had been to wait on his father and mother, went to live in the only place left, his old hunting camp in the woods, where he had lived some twenty-five years, earning such a living as he could.

His only companion, Bitters, a shaggy, half-breed dog, lay in front of the dim fire on a bear-skin rug. He had found Bitters one cold morning ten years ago, when he had been down to the village for groceries. He heard the cry of a puppy and found him standing on the edge of a pond. No doubt somebody had meant to drown him, but Jerry took the little fellow home and wrapped him up in his coat and put him in front of the fire to get warm, and since then they had been fast friends.

Jerry had managed to get along on the money he earned by trapping and selling the furs of foxes, minks, otters, coons, and a number of different wild animals. Occasionally he would get a job sawing or splitting wood for some of the people down

in the village. But of late he had felt his old age so much that he could hardly go to the village for his groceries.

His cabin, which was rather an old hut, still had a homey air about it. The furnishings of the room were not very great, but he had an old armchair, a rickety table, the old horsehair couch, and an old bookcase with a number of well-worn books, which showed that he had liked to read. A small closet with a few old dishes, pots, and pans hung on the outside of it. An open fireplace gave the cabin a rather cheery appearance with its blazing fire. On the wall hung a picture of George Washington, and a gun; also one stood by the door. There was an old-fashioned clock which struck with a "bang," and on pegs hung a worn out coat, some old scarfs and caps. A pair of long-legged boots and a pair of moccasins lay on the floor under the table.

Jerry Todd was a little, bent-over man. He had a white beard which hung from his chin. His eyes were black and shone like beads.

As Jerry lay on his couch he stirred from his doze and his hand fell over the side of the couch. His dog, who was lying on the floor beside his master, reached out his head and licked the thin and drawn hand. "Good old Bitters. You have been a good and faithful pal, we will either both go or both stay and perish with the cold and hunger. Remember the cold morning I found you on the edge of the pond? If I

had not brought you home probably you would have frozen to death with the cold, as we both will if we don't get some help very soon." The dog thumped his tail on the floor as though he understood.

A storm had begun that morning, and had been raging all day, trying its best to get in and had succeeded in entering in a number of different places which made it very unpleasant for the sick man.

As the cold increased the old man seemed to get drowsy, the fire was only a few coals now and the heat had long ago left the room. Jerry was unable to get up to replenish the fire. It grew colder; the wind whistled louder and louder. The storm increased and Jerry thought that Bitters and he would not spend another night in this miserable little hut but they would go to the poor-house to-morrow and he knew that Bitters would make his way in, even if they had said that no dogs were allowed there.

At last Jerry dozed off, Bitters crawled up on the couch beside him. The storm continued to rage, the two slept on.

It was very dark in the cabin, for Jerry had neglected to light his lamp. The old clock struck twelve, still Jerry did not move, it struck seven next morning and the two pals still lay on the old couch.

The sky was clear, and already the sun was peeping in at the window, but Jerry and Bitters did not seem to heed it as they always had on previous mornings. A sleigh halted in front of the cabin, somebody opened the door. It was the overseers of

the poor. They had come for Jerry but Jerry did not hear or see them, for, as he had promised, neither he nor Bitters would spend another night in that lonely cabin. They had frozen to death together on the old couch which had been their bed for the past ten years.

J. R. S. '24

SAWDUST AND ITS DIVIDENDS

As Mr. James Carson walked down the street he appeared to be merely an ordinary, well-dressed, business-like young man, but a close observer would have noticed that he cast many uneasy glances at the different houses which he passed, for he was not sure which one it was at which he was to call.

A week before he had renewed his acquaintance with a young woman he had known at college. She had asked him to call on her at some future time and he had determined to do so at the earliest possible date. He had, however, been delayed in this, for at the time he was trying to bring one of his discoveries before the notice of the owner of one of the largest lumber mills in the State. This discovery, which concerned the manufacture of dairy feed from sawdust, had thus far brought only mirth from the manager, but he believed that the owner would look at it in a different light.

Having reached the house in which he believed the young woman lived, he ascended the steps and rang the bell. As he stepped back he noticed the name H. S. Brown upon the doorpost. Realizing that

he had made a mistake, he was about to leave when the door opened and an old lady appeared.

"Could you tell me,—er—that is—is Mr. Thompson in?" he asked, thinking to evade an awkward situation by asking for someone who did not live there.

"Yes, sir," said the old lady. "Come right in. He called just a few minutes ago and is in the library," and before Carson realized what was happening, he found himself being conducted to the room mentioned.

The name which he had given had been the first which came to his mind, and as the only occupant in the room turned his head, Carson realized that it had been that of the mill owner he had wished to interview.

Thinking to "take the bull by the horns" as it were, he said, "You are Mr. Thompson, I believe."

"That is my name," was the reply. "What can I do for you?"

"I understand that you have a large quantity of sawdust from which no profit is received," said Carson.

"Hundreds of tons are going to waste every year," answered Thompson. "But what of it? It is worthless."

"You may think so," returned Carson, "but what would you say if I told you that that worthless sawdust could be transformed into dairy feed worth forty dollars per ton."

"I should say that you were raving crazy until you showed me otherwise," said Mr. Thompson, with a laugh.

"Well, I can show you otherwise," returned Carson, and he proceeded to explain his theory and the discoveries he had made. The entry of the host proved no barrier to Carson's enthusiastic explanations.

An hour later he was in another library explaining the cause of his tardiness, and with him was the young woman he had started to see.

All this happened six months ago. The present outlook is that the young woman who was the cause of his having an interview with Mr. Thompson will share the royalties from his discovery with him, but of course this is, as yet, only a supposition.

R. L. L., '21

THE FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR WILL

Patricia Black was running away—actually running away. Of course her aunt would feel badly, she was such a dear old thing, but then wasn't it better to run away than be forced to marry Robert Belmont, a man she had never seen? The marriage had been planned from her childhood and her uncle's will expressly stated, that under the condition that she marry Robert Belmont when she became of age, she would inherit all of his money. So she was running away. She had no doubt as to her obtaining work. What did she care about the money anyway?

She arrived in New York early one morning and after getting her breakfast, she made her way towards the firm of Brown & Brooks,

but she was turned down, and finally after applying at several stores she knocked at a shabby looking place. Tired and dispirited she waited, but in the end they told her that she might fill the place of a clerk who had just left. This little bit was welcome after her hard day, so, sure of her position, Patricia went in quest of a good meal and a boarding house. Her means were not ample but at the end of two weeks she had saved about five dollars.

One Sunday afternoon Patricia took a walk in the park. She was very lonesome, not having a single friend in that big city that she could go to. She sat down on a secluded bench and was lost to the world in her thoughts. Before she was aware of it a tear slid down her cheek and a kindly voice said, "You seem to be in trouble, can't I help you in some way?" Patricia was so startled that she was on her feet in an instant. "Pardon me, but don't run away," said the young man. "You looked so lonesome and I was feeling a bit the same way, I thought we might keep each other company, that is if you are willing," and he smiled brightly. It was such a friendly smile that Patricia seated herself once more, desperately wiping her eyes and feeling very much ashamed.

"You see," she began, "I was feeling terribly lonesome; I'm afraid I've done a very wrong thing, I ran away." "Ran away!" exclaimed the young man, "Why that's just what I've done!"

"You!" cried Patricia, "why should you run away? but first I'll tell you why I did;

I was either forced to do that or marry a man I didn't know, so I chose to do the former, and now like a baby I'm wishing that I was back home again."

"What was the name of the man you were supposed to marry?" he asked eagerly.

"Robert Belmont," she replied.

"My goodness, you don't say so, I ran away to keep from marrying Patricia Black, but I've changed my mind," and suddenly taking the bewildered girl in his arms he said, "Suppose we carry out the terms of that will?"

A. S., '21

STREET OR AVENUE?

Mr. and Mrs. Brown who lived at 127 Stevens Ave., had planned a party which was to be according to Mrs. Brown, "One of the biggest successes of the year."

They had invited a large number of guests and so, of course, had ordered a large amount of "eats."

As the caterer who had formerly served them had moved his establishment to another city they were forced to send their order to a new caterer.

The night of the party arrived and when Mrs. Brown gave word that the refreshments were to be served she was told that they had not yet been delivered. Great was her consternation; and her relief may be imagined when a few moments later one of the servants came in and told her that the refreshments had arrived. When they were brought in Mrs. Brown saw at a glance that they were not the kind she had ordered.

Chief among the "eatables" which had arrived were a huge birthday cake, ice cream moulded into various Mother Goose shapes, and a basket of "suckers."

"Serve them and say nothing," was Mr. Brown's advice. "We all remember the time when we were children."

Great was the amusement among the guests over the "original" feast. One big business man said he hadn't seen so many "suckers" in years and he now had the largest he'd ever succeeded in catching.

After the party Mrs. Brown called up the caterer and asked him how it happened that she had received such a peculiar assortment of refreshments in place of those she had expected.

After calling his truck drivers, the caterer was able to explain the mistake to Mrs. Brown. Another large order had been delivered that same evening as Mrs. Brown's, one to 127 Stevens Ave., and the other to 127 Stevens St., and the drivers had mixed the addresses. The delay was caused by a "blow-out," so that neither party had received their order in time for the mistake to be rectified.

Variety is always welcomed and the novelty of Mrs. Brown's refreshments made it certain that success had been achieved.

C. A. L., '21

A PREDICAMENT

Once when my father and his brother were about sixteen years of age, my grandfather had a cow that had been sick. She was now better but was unable to change

her position from day to day. My grandfather used to help her turn over and so make her more comfortable.

One day my grandfather and grandmother were going to Portland, leaving the two boys to take care of things at home while they were gone. As they were doing the chores at noon, they thought they would assist the cow in turning over, but soon found they were not strong enough. So they got a block and tackle and hooked it to a beam. They tied a blanket under the cow and were going to lift her up a little so that she could turn over; then they would let her down. But they soon found they could not lift her even with the block and tackle. After much thinking, an idea occurred to my uncle, why not hitch a horse to the rope? To this my father agreed, so they took one of the horses who was old and obstinate, and hitched her to the rope. My uncle being younger, took the horse by the bridle and led her out until the rope became taut. The horse now became ambitious and pulled the rope out so fast that my uncle was unable to stop her. By the time she decided to stop, the cow was eight feet in the air. My father had been calling all the time for him to stop the horse, but in vain. Now they were scared because they didn't know how to get her down without hurting her. They watched for some minutes undecided, expecting to see the cow fall down any moment to the barn floor.

Finally they took hold of the rope themselves, and by hanging on hard, slowly

lowered her to the ground. The animal was more scared than hurt and so were the boys. It was a good many years afterward before they ventured to tell their parents of the incident.

STEPHEN LARRABEE, '24

MY FIRST NIGHT IN A TENT

The moon was shining brightly outside and the crickets were chirping merrily. We had decided to stay out of doors in the tent that night for it was too hot to stay in the house. After some time we got to sleep, although the mosquitoes did their best to prevent us.

I had just fallen into an uneasy slumber and was having a horrible dream, when I awoke in the most exciting part of it, and sat bolt upright in the tent. Rubbing my eyes to make sure that I was awake, I looked toward the door or flap of the tent, and there stood a large object trying to get in. Letting one good-sized yell, I bolted under the side of the tent and ran like a whirlwind toward the house. My roaring brought my father to the window to see what under the sun was the matter with me. I managed to stammer out that I had seen a ghost. He got up and lighted a lantern, for the moon had gone down, and we started for the tent with my father in the lead. When we arrived there, what should it be but our old brown cow calmly standing directly on my blanket.

GEORGE WORSTER, '24

A DAY IN THE WOODS

One Saturday morning some boys that I knew came over to my house and said that they were going hunting, at the same time asking me if I didn't want to go, too. You may be sure that I got ready in short order and started off with them.

We had gone into the woods but a few hundred yards when one of the fellows started up a big partridge and fired at it. When he rose up with a heavy whirr of his wings, he startled me so that at first I couldn't get a shot at him. When I did get around to aiming at him, he was gone without leaving us his address. The yelping of our dogs told us that other game was near, and very soon they showed that it was an unlucky jack-rabbit who dodged and turned to avoid being caught. When the dogs came my way, I got my gun ready to fire; I was waiting breathlessly when out he jumped almost in my face. I brought the gun to bear on him and fired, but evidently I couldn't see straight, for I missed my aim. I let go the other barrel, and that was the one that did the work.

After more hunting that proved to be unsuccessful, we felt cold, and built a fire, eating our lunches around it and talking about how we ought to have done. We shot more rabbits around that fire than could be found for several miles, I imagine. As we all sat there talking, suddenly a large rabbit jumped out within about twenty feet of us. The rest all got their guns as quickly as they could but they were too late. I had

mine between my knees and I sent a shot after his vanishing figure, which, I might add, didn't stop his vanishing.

We had a good time that day and each went home well satisfied with the day's fun and adventure.

JAMES GOCHIE, '24

THE UNLUCKY DEER

Two men and two women were once camping out in the woods near one of the lakes of Maine. One day the men shot a deer, and hung him up in a tree near one of the tents. That night they heard a noise outside and looked out but could see nothing except the swaying of the branches in the fitful night breeze; then all was still but for the distant sounds of the forest. Several times they were awakened by a tearing sound, but whoever their strange caller was, he did not repeat his actions until all was quiet again.

When the cheerful sun once more sifted down through the branches, the little party had forgotten all about their nocturnal visitor, and rose for another day's pleasure in the great out of doors. The man who had been the one to shoot the deer went to slice off some fresh venison for breakfast, but when he reached the tree where they had carefully hung the carcass, he was both angry and surprised to find it lying on the ground. Some of the meat had been gouged off; the best steaks were missing and the deer was covered with sprinklings of dirt.

In several places the ground was dug up and small twigs were broken down. Hurrying back to the tent, he told what he had seen. Phil was very angry, and strode off to see for himself the miserable trick.

It was decided right then and there that they should keep watch every night till they caught the thief, who, to the horror of the women folks, they thought must be a bear.

The first night Phil went out to watch: he sat on a burlap bag cushion with his back against a tree. The hours dragged slowly and the quiet of the forest together with weariness from the day's tramp before, lulled him into a deep slumber. Evidently the thief did not dare approach the sleeping man, for the next morning the meat was untouched.

The next night John declared he was going to do some "real" watching. Two hours went by before he heard the slightest disturbance. About eleven o'clock he heard a twig snap. The noise coming out of the stillness of the night startled John so that he sprang up, and was in the tent before he could reason with himself for acting so silly. Hardly had he composed himself, when there came the most blood-curdling, awful sound he had ever heard. Simultaneously the two men snatched their guns, and leaped to the door of their tents. A shadowy shape was clawing at the remains of the deer. Two shots rang out and a heavy body fell to the ground. The flash lights revealed the mysterious visitor to be a large wildcat, his jaws still settled on a strip of deer meat.

MABEL LIBBY, '24

School Notes

September 15. School opened. At this time we welcomed ten Freshmen. We were all very glad to see Mr. Bessey and Miss Bryant back again. At this time we also welcomed a new teacher, Miss Gladys Logan, in whom we found a fine teacher and a true friend. The first day was devoted mainly to the assignment of lessons, and school was dismissed at noon. The next day we came back prepared to make this our best school year.

September 24. The Freshman reception was held in the K. of P. hall. This was our first school event, and the upper classmen entertained the Freshman class. During the evening a potato race was "run off" and Miss Heald finally captured the prize, although at one time it would have been pretty hard to decide who would win as Miss Heald and "Jim" Gochie were both struggling for the laurels. Games and dancing were also enjoyed. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and fancy cookies were served during the evening. The social broke up at a late hour and everyone went home happy, even the Freshmen who didn't feel any worse for the slight hazing they received.

About the first of October we had our annual hare and hound chase. From Dunstan three trails were laid to the Eagle's Nest where we spent the afternoon. We were all some glad when there began to be

signs of supper as it seemed as though we had never been as hungry before; the supper consisted of beans, sandwiches, hot dogs, pickles, doughnuts and coffee, and was served around a monstrous bon-fire built on the banks of the river. Mr. Bessey showed us how to tell whether food is hot or not by sticking our finger in it. After devouring about all we could find, we ended with marshmallows which were toasted over the fire. A little later sports were enjoyed, some of which were: Broad grin, won by Mitchell '23, 50-yard dash for boys, John Lund '22, 50-yard dash for girls, Ruth Heald '22, and the standing broad jump, won by Albert Libby '21. After this we all gathered around the campfire and sang songs, the most popular one being "John Brown's Baby had a Cold upon his Chest." Then we started for home all rather tired but happy. We hope we may be able to go next year and have as enjoyable a time as we had this year.

November 12. We gave a box social at Alger Hall, Dunstan, for the purpose of raising money to purchase a flag for the school. Games and dancing were enjoyed during the evening. We cleared about \$22.

December 9. The annual drama and fair was held. This was a great success. There were many attractive booths displaying fancy work, preserves, home-made candies,

chocolate bars. At the mystery booth, all articles sold well. The drama which was entitled "Bashful Mr. Bobbs" was a great success. The cast was as follows:

Katherine Henderson, a young wife,
Harriett Knight '21
Frederick Henderson, her husband,
Clarence Lary '21
Mrs. Wiggins, the landlady,
Laura Johnson '22
Obadiah Stump, a fresh, country product,
Ruth Heald '22
Frances Whittaker, an athletic girl,
Ruth Sherwood '22
Rosalie Otis, a society bud,
Charlotte Googins '22
Mr. Robert V. Bobbs, the bashful one,
Norman Laughton '21
Jean Graham, a Delaware peach,
Isabelle Plummer '22
Marston Bobbs, anything but bashful,
R. Leon Lary '21
Celesta Vanderpool, of the "movies,"
Helen Libby '22
Julie, her French maid from Paris, Ky.,
Agnes Seavey '21

Scene. Parlor of a country hotel, Splinterville.

Act 1. "The Spuncture." Late afternoon in June.

Act 2. A Human Butterfly. Nearly night.

Act 3. Thieves and Bridegrooms. That night.

All the above parts were well taken and showed the result of the careful coaching of Miss Bryant and Mr. Bessey.

Ruth Heald in the comedian role of the "fresh, country product," and Norman Laughton and Leon Lary in light comedy parts won many laughs from an appreciative audience.

December 10. At 6.30 our girls' basketball team played a game with Freeport High School girls. Although we were not victorious, our "sting of defeat" was lessened by the fact that everybody went to the dance which was being held in Pythian Hall as a conclusion to the school fair. A good sized crowd was present. About \$170 was taken in above expenses during the two nights. The sum goes toward the Senior Class for their graduation.

December 17. School closed for the Christmas holidays.

January 3. School opened for the Winter Term. Heard around the school "What did you get for Christmas?"

The first trials for the Prize Speaking Contest were held, the lucky (?) ones chosen were:

GIRLS	BOYS
Ruth Heald '22	Clarence Lary '21
Helen Libby '22	R. Leon Lary '21
Aurelia Wentworth '22	Leonard H. Emmons '22
Gladys Higgins '23	Harold Bennett '23
Priscilla Googins '24	Clark Libbey '23
Ina Sampson '24	Stephen Larrabee '24

February 25. Much to the regret of all, Miss Logan left us to accept a position in South Portland High School from which she graduated only five years ago.

March 25. School closed for the Easter recess.

April 11. School opened for the Spring Term. So far no teacher had been engaged to fill the vacancy left by Miss Logan, but this was soon remedied for during the day Mrs. Bishop came as a supply for one week.

April 18. Mrs. Stevens of Deering came to take Mrs. Bishop's place for the remainder of the year.

April 18. Principal Bessey announced the class parts of Seniors as follows: First honor, Norman W. Laughton; second honor, R. Leon Lary; salutatory, Harriett E. Knight; history, past and present, Agnes Seavey; class oration, Clarence A. Lary; class essay, Albert Libby.

April 22. The preliminary Prize Speaking Contest was held in K. of P. Hall. Silver medals were presented to the boy and girl winning first prizes, and bronze medals to those winning second. The selections were very interesting and were well delivered.

The judges were: Rev. J. H. Thompson, Miss Genevieve McCann, and Miss Louise Dunham, all of Portland. They awarded first prizes to Leonard Emmons and Ruth C. Heald. Second prizes to R. Leon Lary and

Helen C. Libby. Honorable mention was given Aurelia E. Wentworth and Clarence A. Lary.

These four were chosen to represent Scarborough in the triangular contest between the high schools of Old Orchard and Cape Elizabeth held at Scarborough, April 29.

The program was as follows:

Music	Miss Sadie Milliken	
Prayer	Rev. Rensel Colby	
A Soldier of France	Ina M. Sampson	<i>Ouida</i>
True Americanism	Stephen Larrabee	<i>Roosevelt</i>
Love Among the Blackboards	Gladys Higgins	<i>Myra Kelly</i>
I Am an American	Leonard H. Emmons	<i>Anon</i>
Music	Miss Milliken	
Dicky at the Dancing School	Priscilla Googins	<i>Josephine Daskam</i>
The Union Soldier	Clarke A. Libby	<i>Thurston</i>
Selection from "Seventeen"	Ruth C. Heald	<i>Turkington</i>
Lafayette, We Have Come	Clarence A. Lary	<i>Anon</i>
Music		
The River of Stars	Helen C. Libby	<i>Alfred Noyes</i>
Biff Perkins' Toboggan Slide	Harold W. Bennett	<i>Anon</i>

The Slow Man *Ernest Poole*
 Aurelia E. Wentworth
 Western Democracy *Turner*
 R. Leon Lary
 Decision of Judges and Awarding of Prizes

April 28. Mrs. Howatt, the new member of the School Board, visited us. We certainly enjoyed her visit and hope she will make another.

April 29. The triangular speaking contest was held at Scarborough. The selections were all very good and were well delivered. We won the Cup.

The program was as follows:

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| | Music | Orchestra |
| | Prayer | Rev. A. H. Miles |
| | Music | Orchestra |
| 1 | Their Only Child | <i>Anon</i> |
| | Hazel Marie Mewer, O. O. H. S. | |
| 2 | Address | <i>Calvin Coolidge</i> |
| | Charles Stanley Peabbles, C. E. H. S. | |
| 3 | The River of Stars | <i>Alfred Noyes</i> |
| | Helen Collins Libby, S. H. S. | |
| 4 | Selection from "Dere Mable" | <i>Streeter</i> |
| | Selection | Orchestra |
| 5 | Mrs. Casey at the Euchre Party | <i>Anon</i> |
| | Irene Beryl Trundy, C. E. H. S. | |
| 6 | I Am an American | <i>Anon</i> |
| | Leonard Horace Emmons, S. H. S. | |
| 7 | The Race for the La Rue Stake | <i>Anon</i> |
| | Phyllis May Huff, O. O. H. S. | |
| 8 | Address | <i>Woodrow Wilson</i> |
| | Leroy Irwin Maxwell, C. E. H. S. | |

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------------|
| | Selection | Orchestra |
| 9 | Selection from "Seventeen" | <i>Booth Tarkington</i> |
| | Ruth Cumpston Heald, S. H. S. | |
| 10 | The Haywood Trial: Plea for Prosecution | |
| | Walter Emerson Cockerille, C. E. H. S. | |
| 11 | Cherokee Roses | <i>Anon</i> |
| | Gertrude Kathleen Schwartz, C. E. H. S. | |
| 12 | Western Democracy | <i>Turner</i> |
| | Ralph Leon Lary, S. H. S. | |
| | Music | Orchestra |
| | Decision of Judges and Awarding of Prizes | |

May 5. The school attended the funeral of Norman Laughton in a body. The floral tributes were beautiful. The Senior Class sent a large basket, the three other classes a large spray of pinks and sweet peas, and the teachers sent eighteen roses, one for each year.

May 9. Intra-scholastic tennis tournament for championship of school started.

Charles M. Hay
Paint Company
 8-12 Free Street
 Portland, Maine

Athletics

CROSS COUNTRY.

Late in the Fall Term, Scarborough High School received a challenge from Old Orchard to a cross country run of three miles.

We immediately accepted the challenge, although none of our men had ever participated in any form of track work before. Cape Elizabeth High School was also asked to compete and on Saturday forenoon, November 30, the contest took place at Oak Hill. The three mile course consisted of about one-half mile of field, one and one-half miles of muddy roads, and one mile of cement road.

Each team entered six men, the first four from each school finishing counting for the school. Scarborough's men being Capt. Lund '22, Pillsbury '22, Sherwood '24, Emmons '22, Peterson '23, and Sargent '23.

The race was won by George Lary of Old Orchard, Higgins of Cape Elizabeth second, and Lund of Scarborough third. They received medals of gold, silver, and bronze, respectively.

Letters were awarded Lund and Pillsbury, Lund finishing third, and Pillsbury fifth, as they were among the first six men completing the course.

The contest was won by Old Orchard High School, Scarborough taking second place.

The score:

	Total
Old Orchard 1-4-6-9	20
Scarborough 3-5-7-8	23
Cape Elizabeth 2-10-12-14	38

Taking into consideration the fact that Old Orchard had already participated in a similar event at Waterville and her men were in training, while Scarborough went into the race with very little practice, we think the fact that our school fell only three points behind Old Orchard an excellent record.

With the training our men have had this year we believe we shall be in a position to put out a winning team next fall, as, at the present time, we have a dozen men doing cross-country work.

BASKET BALL (BOYS).

Last fall when our basket ball team was organized we found that three of our best players were among those who had graduated in June, but in spite of this handicap we have won several more games than were won by last season's team.

The line-up for the boys' team this year has been:

R. f. L. Lary '21.
 L. f. C. Lary '21 (Capt.)
 C. Lund '22.
 R. b. Peterson '23.
 L. b. Emmons '22.

Substitutes: Pillsbury '22, Libby '21, Lincoln '23.



CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.

Standing: ARTHUR PILLSBURY, CLAYTON SARGENT, LEONARD EMMONS, PRIN. E. G. BESSEY.
Sitting: ROSS SHERWOOD, JOHN LUND, CLARENCE PETERSON.

We have won games from South Portland's second team, the Westbrook Boy Scouts, and also two games from one of the town teams. The team lost games to Catholic High, Gorham High, and Old Orchard High. In all, the boys' team has played twelve games this season.

BASKET BALL (GIRLS).

Miss Heald was the only regular player left from our team of 1920, consequently our team consisted of new players who did not reach good playing form until the latter part of the season. Our most exciting game was with Gorham High, when, after leading for nearly the whole game, we lost out during the last few minutes of play 14-12.

The girls' team has played twelve games during the winter, most of these games being with teams from much larger schools. The members of the team have been:

L. f. V. Urquhart '22.

R. f. R. Heald '22 (Capt.)

J. c. A. Lund '23.

S. c. A. Wentworth '22, M. Pillsbury '23.

L. g. H. Merry '23, M. Pillsbury '23.

R. g. H. Libby '22.

Substitutes: G. Douglas '23, P. Googins '24.

The playing of Misses Heald, Lund, and Urquhart has been especially good. The team is very fortunate, inasmuch as it will lose no players by graduation this year, a fact that we are sure will prove of great advantage to them in next year's work.

BASEBALL.

Since the grounds where we usually have our baseball practice are so far away from the school building and are really too small for our present needs, besides being in very poor condition, it has been decided to omit nearly all of our usual ball practice and devote most of our attention to some other form of athletics.

TRACK.

Though we have not won all of our games in basket ball and baseball this season, we have especial reason to congratulate ourselves on the success of our track team. This sport is an innovation this year and, though young in Scarborough High School, bids fair to eclipse in interest and success all other athletic activities.

Encouraged by the standing of our runners in cross country last fall, a track team of Emmons '22, Pillsbury '22, and Capt. Lund '22, was sent to the Bates Interscholastic meet in Lewiston. There Capt. Lund succeeded in capturing 8 points, besides bringing home as trophies a gold medal for first place in the running broad jump and a silver medal for winning second place in the 75-yard dash. Through misinformation, Lund lost an easy first in the 220-yard dash which would have netted us a total of 13 points and placed us well up among the winners. In both events Capt. Lund established records winning the first heat of the dash in $8\frac{1}{8}$ seconds and setting a new record of 18 feet $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches in the broad jump.

Jokes

Fresh — FRESHER — FRESHEST.
Gochie, '24—Worster, '24—Wallace, '24.

Heard in English III:

Miss L.: "How would Macbeth talk to the ghost without the audience seeing the ghost?"

Lund: "Use the telephone."

Miss L.: "What story was read in class yesterday?"

T. Seavey: "In the Garden." (The story was "Enoch Arden." We wondered how attentively Tom had listened.)

Miss L.: "Well, Miss, look in a 'Who's Who,' and you will find your man."

H. C. L.: "Shakespeare was born on the same day he died."

Miss L.: "Lund, what is a peer (meaning peer of England)?"

Lund: "Something to tie a boat to."

V. Urguhart (reading passage from "Idylls of the King"):

"Grant me to serve

For meat and drink

Among thy kitchen knives (knaves)."

Often heard in Algebra:

Mr. B.: "Miss Temm, did you get your examples all right?"

Miss Temm: "Yes, all right but the answers."

Jesse James went to school,
Tried to break a simple rule,
So one day some chalk he threw,
But his fate had come he knew;
He was greeted with, "Who threw it?"
But, *of course*, he didn't do it.

Mrs. Bishop (in English II): "Anderson, conjugate the future perfect of the verb *to see*."

Anderson: "I shall have a see."

P. Googins: "I don't see why they make such a time over Scarborough."

C. Googins (absently): "Oh, because it's the largest State in the Union."

Folks we Don't Like.

1. Mr. Matthew Matticks.
2. Miss Meddy Evil History.
3. Sissy Rowe.
4. Mr. Al G. Bra.
5. Baby French.
6. Silly Corn Die Ox-eyed.
7. General Bees Ness.

Anderson (to Miss Bryant): "You ain't seen nothing of my history, have yer?"

"No, I hain't."

"POTRIE."

Wee, thee Freshmun klass uv Skar-burrow Heigh Skewl, dew declair, assurt, proclame, affurm, and state thet wee ain't gonna say "ain't," no mour, cauze ef wee dew, hour naims is gonna goe inn the koffin

thet hangs on the coridor over the bulleting bord. Olsew wee ain't gonna say gut, git, and hadn't ort no mour. Now wee think wee had orter parse with orner rank in inglish.

Wee io Freshmun.

The Besse System in Portland guarantees good suits, but Sam Wallace doesn't seem to be "suited" at all with it.

Heard at Basket Ball:

"I've got a pain between my jaws."

"Spit it out."

Miss Libby (just before the curtain went up at the prize speaking contest): "Mr. Bessey, which is the best way for us to hold our hands?"

Mr. B.: "Don't ask me. I never hold hands."—Q. E. D.

Miss Bryant (in Current Events class): "The man was standing with his hands in his front hip pockets."

ODE ON SPITBALLS (Tune of "Bubbles.")

I'm forever cuffing spitballs,

Gluey spitballs in the air;

I heave a sigh, then let one fly,

And when it lands I nearly die;

Luck is always with me, unseen I fill the air;

I'm forever cuffing spitballs,

Gluey spitballs in the air.

Mr. B. (to S. W. '24, who is sniffing the odors from the lunch counter): "Sam, haven't you ever smelled cocoa before?"

"No."

"Well, your education has been sadly neglected. That is what you are smelling now."

THREE FAMOUS SONS OF SCARBOROUGH.

Anderson.

Johnson.

Richardson.

Heard in Chemistry:

Mr. B.: "In what does lactic acid occur?"

H. E. K., '21: "It occurs in milk."

"In what kind of milk?" (Meaning sour milk.)

"In cow's milk."

Miss B. (in English IV): "Mr. L., how would you answer if I asked, 'Shall you go?'"

Mr. L.: "Yes."

Mrs. Stevens (in History): "How many remember the Spanish-American War?"

Sherwood, '24, raised his hand.

Mrs. S.: "Let's see. That was twenty-three years ago. What a remarkable memory you have."

Oh, list to ye tale of ye mayden

Who went to ye Fashion Show

In ye Jefferson on Free Street,

Not many moons ago.

When ye wondrous show was over,

Ye mayd, with lagging feet,

Sought ye out-bound Saco electric

At ye corner of ye street.

But lo, ye city's arc lights
 Beamed on a visage wan,
 When ye awful fact dawned on her,
 That ye last, last car had gone.

A sudden inspiration,
 "I'll go to my dear aunt's house,"
 But her visit found ye household
 As quiet as a mouse.

Ye Paper City pedestrians
 Beheld the disappearing feet,
 As through the garage window
 Slipped ye maiden quite petite.

All night till ye dim, new morning,
 Her fair head on her arm,
 In the midst of tires and tools galore,
 Slept ye maiden, free from harm.

Ye maidens, take this warning,
 If to theatres ye would go,
 Don't depend on ye electrics,
 Get a Lizzie and a beau.

Miss B. (in Current Events): "You know Edison is planning to perfect an instrument by which we may converse with the dead."

Remark: "Where do we put the call in?"

Heard at Prouts Neck:

First boarder (man): "Have you been out to walk yet?"

Second boarder (woman): "No, I've been writing letters."

First boarder: "Well, then, I'll take you around the Neck this afternoon."

Second boarder: "No, you won't. I don't allow any man to take me around the neck."

At the photographers:

Mr. B. (looking worried when he thinks his feet will show in the Senior Class picture): "Say, I think that's the limit. There's always some sap comes out of the leather on the toe of my shoes whenever I have a shine."

Miss B.: "Have them tapped!"

Mr. B. (in Chemistry): "When a small boy I held burning celluloid in my hands until I burned three of them. (This must have been one of the times he did hold hands; or maybe he is like some of the Freshmen who have a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind hand.)"

Wanted: For Harold Bennett for future prize speaking contests, either an indestructible hair net, a band comb, or a Sing-Sing hair cut.

Leonard Emmons, so they say,
 In his seat one morn did sway,
 And before he could count eight,
 On the floor did find his fate.

Miss B. (in Mediaeval History): "Why couldn't Canada be commercially independent?"

Clark L.: "Because they can't raise sugar cane."

Miss B.: "That's funny. I always supposed they could raise Cain in Canada."

Thomas S.: "Well, they can't raise tea and coffee."

Miss B.: "We could get along without them. We have to without other strong drinks."

Miss B. (explaining in History): "Louis XIV had a retinue of servants at every meal who had to eat some of the dish before he tasted it. Well, I don't see anything funny about that."

From the *Literary Digest*:

1st man: "Your memory is rotten. I bet you five dollars you can't say the Lord's Prayer."

2nd man: "I'll take you. 'Now I lay me down to sleep—'"

1st man: "Here's the fiver. I didn't suppose you knew it."

Here's a curio. Sam Wallace has been put in the Freshman coffin. "Being dead he yet speaketh," and he still says "hain't."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Well, there's Hel-en Libby as well as in Mitchell.

There's system in Besse.

And Laura is John's son if she is a girl.

And Gramp isn't too old to be a Sargent.

And Harold's Ben-it.

And Hazel is always Merry.

And Harriet is not a gloomy Knight.

And Helen never looks as if she always was in Paine.

And Ruth's sorrows are soon Heald.

And Tart is not sour.

Conundrum:

Can Emmons be Ernest? No, but Edgar Milli can and Ross Sher would if Helen didn't Paine him so.

Alumni

WHAT THE MEMBERS OF CLASS 1920 ARE DOING

Helen Baker, student at Bates College,
Lewiston.

Chester Baker, student at University of
Maine, Orono.

Philip Bowley, clerk with Emery-Water-
house, Portland.

Harold Emmons, employed at game farm,
Prout's Neck.

Ethel Foster, cashier at Thomas Smiley
Co., Portland.

Raymond Libby, student at Gray's Busi-
ness College, Portland.

Robert Libby, at home, Scarborough.

Velma Leonard, office work in Portland.

Doris Mitchell, student at Gray's Busi-
ness College, Portland.

Carl Nielsen, at home, Scarborough.

Mabel Nielsen, office work in Portland.

Elizabeth Newcomb, at home, Scar-
borough.

Maude Ploughman, at home, Scar-
borough.

Muriel Ploughman, at home, Scarborough.

Fred Richardson, employed by E. W.
Moody, florist, Scarborough.

Abbie Small, student at Bates College,
Lewiston.

Rachel Scott, teacher in Raymond, Me.

Earle Willman, student in Portland High
School.

Exchanges

The Academy Review, Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft, Maine.

The Aroostookan, Aroostook Central Institute, Mars Hill, Maine.

The Clarion, Freeport High School, Freeport, Maine.

The Central Hi Review, Xenia, Ohio.

The Echo, South Portland High School, South Portland, Maine.

The E. L. H. S. Oracle, Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

The Folio, Jordan High School, Lewiston, Maine.

The Hebron Semester, Hebron, Maine.

The Messenger, Westbrook Seminary, Portland, Maine.

The Maple Leaf, Mapleton High School, Mapleton, Maine.

The Nautilus, Waterville High School, Waterville, Maine.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard High School, Old Orchard, Maine.

The Outlook, Porter High School, Porter, Maine.

The Racquet, Portland High School, Portland, Maine.

The Signet, Dexter High School, Dexter, Maine.

The Tripod, Thornton Academy, Saco, Maine.

The Maine Campus, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

We congratulate Old Orchard High School on her fine paper, *The Oceanic*. The Editors certainly pull well together. The Exchange Editor assuredly deserves A+ for her efforts. The cuts and photographs are fine.

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